

IVY LEAVES

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Anderson

College

Art and

Literary

Magazine



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I Remember

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I remember my daddy very vaguely. They are memories of a tall, dark man who was always laughing. I remember the fragrant tobacco scent that clung to him, and even today fourteen years later, whenever I pass a tobacco shop I think of him. I remember riding through the snow on his shoulders, perched high above an icy wonderland. I remember dressing up for church and going into the living room where he would be sitting in his big, brown easy chair. "Do I look pretty?" I would ask. He would grin and say, "Yeah, you look pretty, pretty ugly!" Then he would laugh and give me a big bear hug. I remember his teaching me to build my first snowman. And I remember the day he died.

It was an ordinary day, bright and sunny. I was in preschool and my brother was in first grade. I had played on the see-saws, taken my afternoon nap, drank my chocolate milk for a snack—all ordinary, everyday things, unaware that my safe, secure world was falling apart. We were waiting for our ride when we first became aware of our day being different. My Uncle Terry ran up, scooped us into his arms, and swung us around. We were both laughing, delighted because we loved our Uncle Terry. He was almost as big a teaser as daddy. But when we got to the car, Mama was crying. "What is it?" we asked. "What's wrong?" They wouldn't tell us.

When we got home, Mama took us back into my bedroom and we stood on the bed as she explained that my daddy had been in a wreck on the way home from Rock Hill and had been killed. She told us he was in heaven and would not be coming back. After that I don't remember a lot of the following week. I remember all the food and the people. I remember touching Daddy's pale, cold body, nothing like the warm and vibrant man I knew. And I remember the funeral, that gray and dismal day, where it poured rain as if God himself were crying.

My daddy's death affected my life in many ways; like a

railroad track that branches off, my life switched onto a totally different direction. I never moved into the sunny yellow and white room with the canopied bed and flowered wallpaper at the new parsonage. Instead I moved into a tiny trailer next to my granddaddy's house on Lake Secession. I never heard my daddy preach again. Instead I experienced a series of new preachers at Bells United Methodist Church. But those were surface changes.

The big changes were inside. I clung to my mother and big brother, scared that they would leave me too. I became much shyer and introverted, scared to become too close to someone else who would leave without saying good-bye. I was taught too early not to take life for granted. My life was a safe, perfect paradise, but within two minutes on a dark, foggy night it was shattered. That quickly it was gone.

Today I've learned that you have to risk, you have to love, and you have to allow people to get close to you. You have to take that chance on getting hurt. But you also have to tell people how you feel, and you have to make the most of the short, precious time that you have with them, because tomorrow isn't promised.





D a v i d M o o r e



Amanda Hughes

The roses bloom,
The clouds part,
And the sun glistens
On the silvery lake.
The dew drops on the
Flowers sparkle in
The light.
The day moves on and,
The winds die down.
The clouds turn rosy red,
As the sun begins to set.
The night creeps up slowly,
So slowly it covers the day
In a blanket of darkness.
The stars twinkle and reflect
Off the gently flowing stream.
The moon it shines with a magnificent
Gleam,
And burns down on the hills
Showing the grass the way.
The crickets chirp, the frogs croak
All in the memory of a day.

The Memory of a Day

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Old Beginnings

Janet Hagen

I have not tried my hand at poetry for some time,
Although I have days when words just naturally seem to
rhyme.

In my younger, more idealistic days of youth,
I often put my pen to paper to try to discover “truth.”

As years rolled past, the search seemed less urgent,
My life became decisions revolving around some new detergent!

Kids, a job, a home and “relationship compatibility,”
Became my “truth” called responsibility!

The Thief

Timothy Shawn Poore

Sharp and constantly roaming the corridors of my frame,
Refusing to cease even when asked to do so,
Whether walking or sitting, lying down or raising up,
It pays its unwanted visits.
No apothecary or powder can abort it.
Only it knows its origin and when it shall cease,
Yet it is my Alpha and Omega.
When will my smiles become true?
When will I laugh as I once did?
I must reclaim my stolen youth.
Please stop, you damnable thief, before I stop you.

A Dying Mother's Choice of Love

Timothy Shawn Poore

Driving through the angry mob
Whose signs of protest
Cause self-hate.
Who am I to Choose?
Who am I to make such a decision?
(They act as if I asked for this situation.)
Yet this must be the best
I can't let it suffer like its mother has
I won't allow my mistake to bring my baby suffering.
It will have dignity in death
"Jesus loves all the little children of the world," they sing.
That's why I have made this decision—out of love, God's love.
And I will shortly see my child in Heaven
No matter what these signs say.

I bought my smile at a dollar store
on a two for one sale day.

I wear the first Monday, Wednesday, Friday,
and save the second for the other days.

(At night I take it off and put it away.)

I sold my dreams at an auction;
the highest bidder got a deal.

Only she doesn't know they won't come true,
so it was I who made the steal.

I traded my diamonds for dust;
he got pleasure and I got pain.

I thought our gifts were equal,
but it wasn't a fair exchange.

U n t i t l e d

Marissa Lee Glover



K a r l a F o u s e k



Jeffrey S. Walker

Ruby on the Wall

Jo Buckner

The painting on my kitchen wall
Early work of Mother's friend
Really is not Ruby, nor beautiful except to me,
But brings grateful memories, when she graced
Our home with smooth moves—tall and easy—
An ordered house, her daily dance.

Feasts of odors tease from the kitchen:
Meat loaf, corn bread and greens,
Ginger cake with lemon topping.
She made sauce from apples off our tree—
Peelings and cores became juice and jelly—
“Waste not, want not,” her assurance.

Greater than these pleasures
I treasure Ruby's calm confidence—
With much love and a keen switch—
She taught our first son to obey.
Her example and advice I took to heart
She had reared a son, my mother, only me.

Ruby, a child when her mother dies
Had no schooling past third grade.
But ironed for “Step-grandmother”
And each wrinkle earned a whipping.
Married young, she bore four babies
Then was widowed at twenty-three.

Alone, she cared for her children,
Three lived to make her proud.
She worked, depending on herself
And her Lord to provide.
He gave her joy, strength and direction.
Her son earned his college degree.

The painting spoke wisdom to me,
“Waste no time in self pity—
Work life out with prayer and praise.”
Now my teacher, my friend, is gone,
But still, she's where she's needed.
Ruby, now, is on our son's wall.

No Marker

Sheri Green

I sit on a straight-back chair, in the middle of the wide open,
surrounded by flowers.

There are no people around me, and yet there are quite a few.
I have no concept of time, seconds melt into minutes and minutes
drag on to hours.

The sky above is a solemn one with a strange sort of hue.

The stones surrounding me tell of love and loss; they read of
lifetimes past.

The fresh dirt I sit beside now has no marker.

Time seems to pass so slowly now, but before, time escaped us
so fast.

The world in my eyes has become much darker.

Uncovered earth lies at my feet, evidencing the bottomless
chasm ahead.

Endless darkness lurks behind every vision my eyes perceive.
To this solitary place sorrow has been my guide and my reverent
heart has lead.

Time will continue tomorrow, and I must make myself believe.

Behind me there is a disturbance of silence as feet are heard
shuffling through the clearing.
An uneasy feeling overcomes me and I take a breath of cool air.
Their hands strain to hold up my grief and my sorrow with the
weight they are bearing.
At the beautifully colored flowers I angrily stare.

The shuffling feet walk past me and place my grief and sorrow
in a timeless hollow.
Through the tears my eyes shift to see my pain.
They lower my grief and sorrow into a grave that is not wide
enough and is too shallow.
My hopes of the future were dreamed in vain.

The grave is too small to hold my happiness, my memories, and
my many tears.
The loose earth at my feet will not fill the emptiness.
The attractive casket carries with it into eternity my smiles
and laughter of many years.
There is still no marker.

The mobile spins slowly overhead—
just barely out of reach.

Intricate parts
moving between each other
bright reds and greens,
pale pinks and yellows,
all interacting
without touching—
never connecting with each other.

People walk by me—
just barely out of reach.

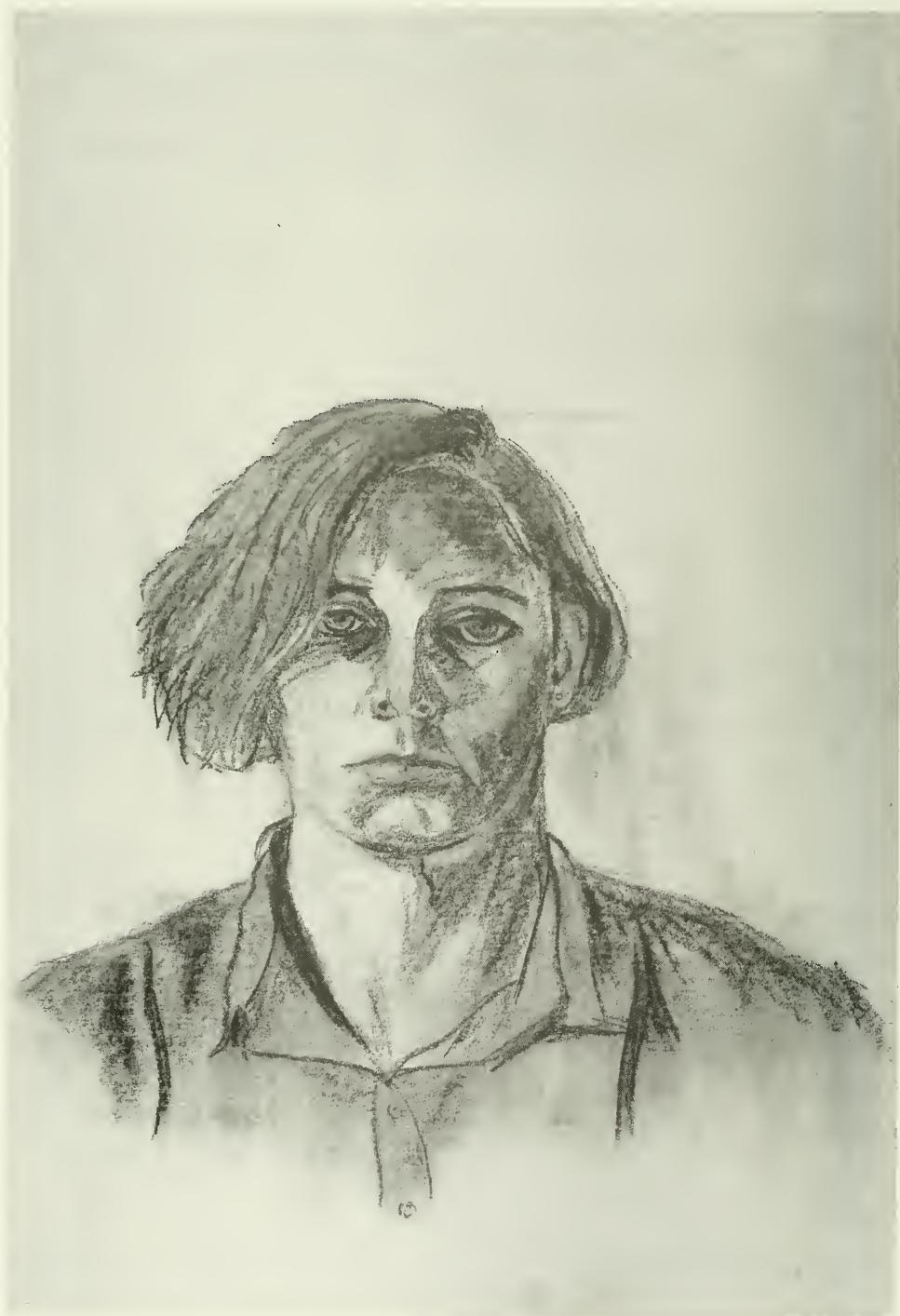
Lonely souls
moving between each other
fiery tempers and jealous hearts,
sweet smiles and sunny dispositions,
all interacting
without touching—
never connecting with each other.

Out of Reach

Mary Nell Tysinger



Jeffrey S. Walker



D a v i d M o o r e

I don't want to be in class
listening to a boring teacher
drumming boring repetitions into my
brain by rote.

No. I'd rather be sitting in
a big oak tree
wondering how the sky got
to be so blue.

I don't want to be in class
doing complicated
Chemistry equations.
No. I'd rather be walking down
an old country road
wondering how the dirt got
to be so red.

I don't want to be in class
studying odd-looking maps
of the solar system.
No. I'd rather be lying on
a beach at night staring
at the stars and
wondering about my place
in the universe.

W o n d e r i n g

M a r y N e l l T y s i n g e r

Jack-O-Lantern

◆ Margaret B. Hayes ◆

You're just
an old orange piece of pumpkin
thrown out on the side of the road.
Once you sat in the farmer's field—
a delight to his eye.

He walked among your neighbors
with eager hands and curious eye,
Watched you grow and shape
your rounded form to be agreeable
for another's eyes.

A part of himself he yielded
when he let you go,
The toil of his hands,
A part of his heart and soul.

Now they have thrown you out,
Crushed in two large broken pieces,
Squandered—
Making food for mice and worms,
Adding substance to leaves'
dark undergrowth.

Soon you will be only a memory,
Coins in the farmer's hand,
A fond delight of candle-shining
eyes and mouth to a childish heart
who shaped you so,
Becoming nourishment to the
unseen heart of nature beating
there on that quiet hill.

Sunday Morning

Laura Thorpe

Surrounded by down quilts and pillows, soft,
An invitation rains against the roof. Balanced
Between wake and sleep, suspended in a dream
Place, my imagination takes me driving down
Some unknown road of the mind. Chanting
A rhyme, my voice echoes the endless swing
Of wipers, as I look past raindrops falling
Upon a dark horizon. Finding strange
Comfort in the engine's hum, I awake—
To the gentle purring of my cat.

Three Haiku

Laura Thorpe

Baritone bullfrogs
Commence the dusk concerto;
The crickets applaud.

Wispy white seed, fly
To places unknown—become
A dandelion.

Sea-glazed child, the surf,
Sparkling, dances at your feet,
Summer sings in your heart.

Raging fire as far as the eye can see.
A block of ice quickly melting with each wave.
Yet it's dark—that's okay since we can feel
what we seek in these unforgiving flames.

Listen. Touch my chest and you will find
my sorrow, dread, and happiness in one
beat. I'm here and I'm waiting to proceed.
I know, it's dark—It's hard to find your way.

Desire. It's real and yes, it is too real.
So now we feel this both together, but
the love, the lust—it's all in one dull beat.
It climaxes, it plateaus, and then it's lost.

Warm water slowly freezing back to ice.
You stir with desperate intensity.
I tried, the desire is no longer there.
The beat is gone. On fire, floating away.



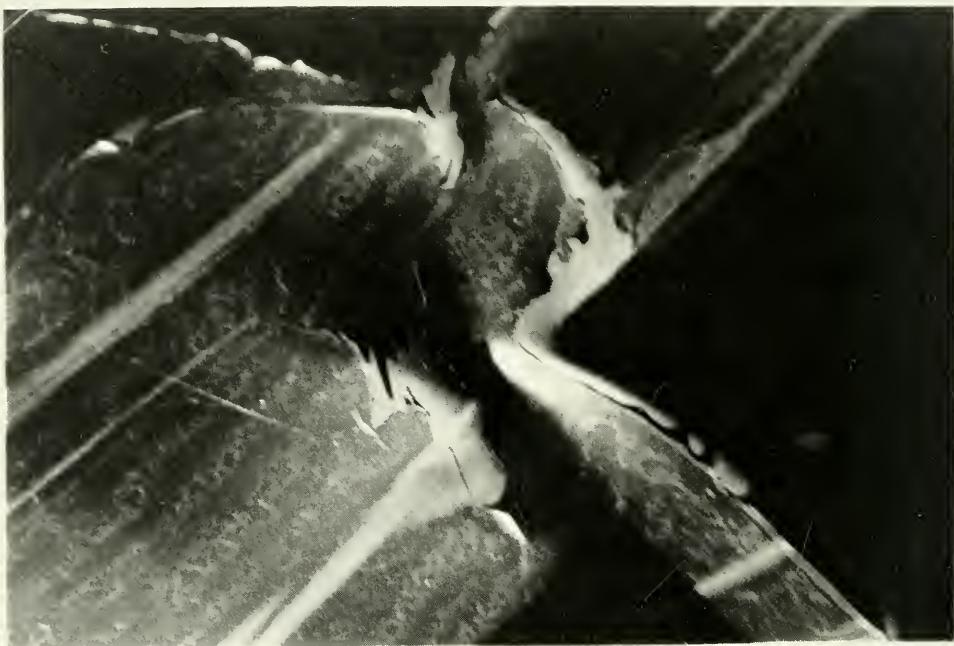
D e s i r e



Craig Crittenden



Jeffrey S. Walker



K a r l a F o u s e k

The end of life is as the beginning.
Seemingly so different, they are starkly alike.
We await death as we await birth.
Not knowing the hour, the moment,
We brace ourselves, anticipate, prepare.
The darkest funeral attire is gathered,
Just as the brightest layette.
We try to ease, to comfort
The pains of death as we do the pangs of birth.
In bidding farewell, as in welcoming,
The family circles round,
Enclosing each member in its embrace.

Embrace

Margaret Wooten

IVY LEAVES STAFF

Literary

David R. Peebles, Editor

Kim Emanuelson

Marissa Glover

Sharon Keaton

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